Your lips, My lips, Apocalypse

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by userrls

Summary

It's not gay to kiss your best friend on the lips, right?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

It was the dark summer nights Tommy loved most. It was quiet and the air around him had this distinct peaceful smell. The sky above his head was clear enough to count the stars. And that's what he and Steve would do at nights like these. His friend always said the other boy's freckles reminded him of the stars. So many and impossible to count. Maybe that's why Tommy loved the stars so much, because they reminded Steve of him.

He wanted to be the only thing Steve thought about even tho he knew it was wrong to feel that way.

The moment Tommy had realised he might not feel attraction towards only women was when he watched the Outsiders for the sixth time just to see Dallas Winston with his nice hair and exposed chest. And shortly afterwards he had noticed that Steve had nice hair aswell and since then he knew he was fucked.

Being in love with your best friend, and if that best friend was playboy Steve Harrington, wasn't always fun. The only thing his hormone driven friend seemed to care about, was girls. He wouldn't shut up about all his hookups but Tommy simply didn't care.

Of course Steve wasn't always successful when it came to love. He had told Tommy and Carol (Yes, he still stayed together with his girlfriend after finding out about his feelings for his best friend because he thought maybe people would get suspicious "Oh why did Tommy leave the hottest girl of Hawings, he must be a queer!" And he didn't want people to talk.) that he wanted to quit messing around and find the girl of his dreams. Tommy had thought this was never gonna happen and he was right.

Steve got dumped by a girl. Again. Tommy doesn't even remember her name, something with S, Stacy? Stella? It didn't matter, they were all the same. Just some random girl he didn't even bother trying to remember the name of because he knew by the next day she would be gone and then Steve would come back to him and cry his heart out. That's what he always did and some people may call Tommy selfish for it but he was glad that it didn't work out with Stacy (or Stella?).

"Don't worry about it man, there are plenty of girls, who would kill to get with you." Tommy said with a reassuring tone.

They were in Steve's pool, leaning against the edge. A few empty beer bottles laying behind them. The cool water against their skin and their knees bumping against eachother. Steve took a long drag of the

cigarette glowing in his hand as he handed it to Tommy, who now did the same.

"I still somehow manage to scare them all away in the end." He really was desperate. "What am I doing wrong?"

Nothing, you're perfect Steve, is what Tommy wanted to say but instead he just shrugged.

"I don't know." Tommy really didn't want this conversation to end with Steve being even more unsure about his love life. But his attempt to lighten the mood failed miserable.

"Maybe you're just a bad kisser.", he joked.

"You think so?" Steve stared at the ground of the pool, not looking at him. Tommy really had to work on not sounding so serious when telling a joke.

"How should I know?"

After a long pause where none of the two said anything, Steve finally broke the silence.

"Tommy?"

Oh did Tommy love it when Steve said his name.

"Yeah?" He tried to keep his voice steady because their legs were still touching under the water and it was just so distracting. Was he the only one noticing it? Because god Tommy couldn't stand Steve touching him. It made him feel things he didn't want to feel. Made his stomach feel butterflys and all that shit. Things he was suppossed to feel when a girl was touching him. When Carol was touching him. But instead his mind would go crazy when their hands accidentally touched and he would replay the scenario in his head all week.

"What if we just," He paused. Steve tried to find the words but there wasn't really any right way to ask this. "What if we just kissed? I mean you can be brutally honest with me. I can't just ask a girl if im a bad kisser and-" But Tommy wasn't even listening to him anymore. His eyes were already glued to the others lips while talking and Tommy couldn't think straight (literally). Was this really happening? Maybe Steve found out about his little crush and wanted to make fun of him. No. Steve wouldn't do such a thing.

"Okay." Tommy said, not knowing if Steve already finished his talk about how it wouldn't be gay of them to kiss eachother. Tommy didn't catch most of it anyway.

"Are you sure?"

Tommy nodded his head almost eagerly. As Steve got closer he slowly cupped his face with both hands and brushed his thumb over the other's lips.

"And this is really okay for you?" Steve whispered, although nobody was around them. Tommy slowly started to think that Steve didn't ask Tommy but himself and that he would change his mind.

"Just kiss me already Steve."

And so he did. His lips were soft, almost silken, and warm against his own. Tommy could feel the soft tickle of the other boy's breath beneath his nose, too afraid to move.

Steve slowly pulled away to catch his breath, his eyes still on his friend's lips with a look in his eyes that Tommy couldn't quite describe.

"How was it?" Steve asked, unsure to let go of Tommys face.

"Okay, i guess."

"Just okay?"

Maybe it was the alcohol but this time Tommy felt a little bit bolder. "I think i'd have to try again."

"I'm not kissing you again Hagan."

"Don't you want to?"

"What?"

"Kiss me? Do you not want to kiss me again Steve?" Tommy was scared he might've said the wrong thing and gone to far but in the next moment Steve was pressing another kiss to his lips. Tommy's lips parted slightly, allowing his tongue to slip inside. As they pulled away again, Tommy grinned.

"Yeah you really are a bad kisser."

"Oh shut up."

End Notes

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